

## 10,000 Maniacs "Gold Rush Brides"

Visit "[Gold Rush Brides](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com)

Follow the typical signs, the hand-painted lines  
Down prairie roads, pass the lone church spire  
Pass the talking wire from where to who knows?

There's no way to divide the beauty of the sky  
From the wild western plains  
Where a man could drift, in legendary myth by  
roaming over spaces

The land was free and the price was right

Dakota on the wall is a white-robed woman, broad yet  
maidenly  
Such power in her hand as she hails the wagon man's  
family  
I see Indians that crawl through this mural that recalls  
our history

Who were the homestead wives?  
Who were the gold rush brides? Does anybody know?  
Do their works survive, their yellow fever lives in the  
pages they wrote?

The land was free, yet it cost their lives

In miner's lust for gold  
A family's house was bought and sold, piece by piece  
A widow staked her claim on a dollar and his name, so  
painfully

In letters mailed back home her eastern sisters  
They would moan as they would read  
Accounts of madness, childbirth, loneliness and grief

Accounts of madness, childbirth, loneliness and grief  
Accounts of madness, childbirth, loneliness and grief

Visit [10,000 Maniacs](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com), to get more lyrics and videos.